

the board, "His service in the Marine Corps caused his PTSD and indirectly his incidents and legal problems. The Marine Corps' failure to treat him in the past and treat him appropriately has done nothing but worsen the problem."

Madam Speaker, that is not my comment. That is the comment by the Navy doctors at Camp Lejeune. If this marine would be administratively separated from service, he would have no chance of being eligible for TRICARE benefits. He would have difficulty attaining a job, and it is unlikely that a university would accept him as a student. Luckily, the Marine Corps has decided to give this marine another chance, and he will be transferred to a naval hospital for PTSD treatment.

However, this is not an isolated problem. Many servicemembers may have already lost their benefits due to an administrative separation from the service. For this reason, I have introduced H.R. 1701, the PTSD/TBI Guaranteed Review for Heroes Act. This legislation attacks this issue from two angles. First, it creates a special review board at the Department of Defense for servicemembers who were less than honorably discharged. And secondly, the bill would mandate a physical evaluation board prior to an administrative separation proceeding if the servicemember has been diagnosed with PTSD or TBI by a medical authority.

Ultimately, this bill will help preserve the benefits of the servicemembers upon leaving service. H.R. 1701 has already been endorsed by the National Association for Uniformed Services, the National Military Family Association, the Military Officers Association of America, the Air Force Sergeants Association, Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Military Order of the Purple Heart, and the Marine Corps League.

Madam Speaker, this is a very impressive group of American service people who endorse this bill, H.R. 1701. I am grateful to have Congressman GENE TAYLOR as a lead cosponsor as well as BILL PASCRELL and TODD PLATTS, both cochairmen of the Congressional Brain Injury Task Force. I hope that many of my House colleagues will join as cosponsors of this important legislation for our Nation's military heroes, and I look forward to working with the leadership of the House Armed Services Committee to advance this much-needed change.

And, Madam Speaker, before I leave, I have done this so many times over the past few years, I ask God to please bless our men and women in uniform, and ask God to please bless the families of our men and women in uniform, and ask God in His arms to hold the families who have given a child dying for freedom in Afghanistan and Iraq. And I close three times, Madam Speaker, by asking God, please God, please God, please God, continue to bless America.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gen-

tleman from Oregon (Mr. DEFAZIO) is recognized for 5 minutes.

(Mr. DEFAZIO addressed the House. His remarks will appear hereafter in the Extensions of Remarks.)

#### A TRIBUTE TO BILL HOLM

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from Minnesota (Mr. WALZ) is recognized for 5 minutes.

Mr. WALZ. Madam Speaker, every time I get the privilege to speak on this floor, I am truly humbled. I am humbled by the knowledge of what we, as a Nation, have done. Each one of us in this body realizes that the strength of this Nation and our democracy lies in the extraordinary nature of our people.

I come from the heartland of this great Nation, the places where the Great Plains begin and the Mississippi River begins to flow. Mankato, Minnesota, is my home town. That was the "big town" where the Ingalls family went to shop for school clothes in Laura Ingalls Wilder's "Little House on the Prairie." My congressional office is located at 227 Main Street in Mankato. That is just a couple of blocks down from where America's first Nobel laureate, Sinclair Lewis, lived when he wrote his novel "Main Street." Minnesota is also the home of F. Scott Fitzgerald. And I feel truly blessed to have the friendship of Garrison Keillor and his iconic "Prairie Home Companion."

Each of these writers had a special gift to describe a place. As a child of the prairie and a geographer, place is something I have spent my entire life trying to understand. I teach high school geography, and invariably whenever I tell people that, they flash back to some really bad memories of having to memorize capitals. And I explain to them, that is location, and it is only a very small part of geography. Place, on the other hand, is knowing the people and what is in their heart.

Minnesota recently lost another great writer. He was one of the most thoughtful and insightful tellers of place I have ever seen. Bill Holm was born in Minneota, Minnesota, in 1943. Minneota is a small town in southwest Minnesota where my father-in-law, Valgene Norwood Whipple, is still the high school boys basketball coach.

Bill was of Icelandic descent, and he never lost his love for his proud ancestral home, spending his summer in Iceland. He went to college in St. Peter, Minnesota, at the great Swedish College of Gustavus Adolphus, named for the Swedish King and patron of literature and learning.

Bill went on to the University of Kansas, became a Fulbright Scholar in Reykjavik, as well as a Bush Foundation fellow. He taught at Southwest Minnesota State University in Marshall, Minnesota, and he wrote several books and volumes of poetry. That is his biography. What Bill truly did was

tell the soul of a northern people, a proud stoic people, who not only settled the harsh prairies of Minnesota, but built the vibrant culture and strong unique communities.

One of Bill's works that touched me the most was a small volume called "The Music of Failure." It is a journey of place and people that leaves one feeling incredibly thankful for family, friends, neighbors and this Nation, and puts into perspective what is truly important.

I would like to spend a minute or so and let Bill's own words from "The Music of Failure" tell a little of his place.

□ 2000

"Farmers go to bed early, or at least they used to when I was a boy. Small towns in Minnesota close by 6, the cafes frequently by 4. People eat at home where you can save money. By 10, the streets are silent, only the liquor store is open, its lonesome Hamm's sign proclaiming a few that are still up. Nothing but blue flickering TVs behind drawn blinds, and a random pattern of yard lights stretching off into the prairies. By midnight, nothing. Drive on these county roads, and you can imagine that trolls have kidnapped the entire human race, leaving only electricity behind. Your headlights are a ship's beacon, lighting up a few breakers on the grass ocean, as the car rocks along toward whatever port you have business in. I like driving late at night on these roads without traffic. It provides me with a valuable corrective against human arrogance."

Bill understood place and he understood what made this Nation so strong: it was the people and their resilience.

He also understood that not all of us saw the world the same way.

There are two eyes in the human head—the eye of mystery, and the eye of harsh truth—the hidden and the open. The woods eye and the prairie eye. The prairie eye looks for distance, clarity and light; the woods eye for closeness, complexity, and darkness. The prairie eye looks for usefulness and plainness in art and architecture; the woods eye for the baroque and ornamental. Dark old brownstones on Summit Street in St. Paul, they were created by the woods eye; the square white farmhouses and the red barn are the prairies eye. Sherwood Anderson wrote his stories with a prairie eye, plain and awkward, told in the voice of a man almost embarrassed to be telling them, but bull-headedly persistent to get the meaning of the events. Faulkner, whose endless complications of motive and language take the reader miles behind the simple facts of an event. He had a woods eye. One eye is not superior to another, just different.

When he wrote his book and the book I am reading from today, "The Music of Failure," he was trying to get at the heart of what this Nation was about, what the soul was about, and he talked often about when he was a young man